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THE QUEEN AND MR. PUNCH.

PUNCH

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JUBILEE

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GREAT-QUEENS-OF-HISTORY

THE QUEEN!!!

To pen a ballad of dead queens
 FRANÇOIS VILLON should come again.
 Lo! strangest of all dreamland's scenes,
 They come, in gorgeous, glittering train,
 From Carthage, Egypt, France and Spain,
 Palmyra, Sheba, Babylon. See!
 Fair greeting-hands they lift amain
 To hail VICTORIA's Jubilee!

Here CLEOPATRA's Circe form,
 There swift SEMIRAMIS, and there
 Deserted DIDO! Desert-warm,
 Pard-like ZENOBIA, fierce and fair,
 BALKIS of Sheba! With trailed hair,

With firm-grip lance and gesture free,
 BOADICEA! And ANNE—strange pair!—
 To hail VICTORIA's Jubilee!

Hainault's PHILIPPA, EDWARD's bride,
 The brave she-lion ELIZABETH,
 MARY, MARIA the Austrian's pride,
 That lovelier MARIE, wed to death,
 JOSEPHINE, CATHERINE, she whose breath

Wafted COLUMBUS o'er the sea!—
 Earth's host of great queens mustereth
 To hail VICTORIA's Jubilee!

God save the QUEEN! So shout her peers,
 Great shades from earth's long history,
 Who greet VICTORIA's Sixty Years,
 And hail her Diamond Jubilee!

TOM THUMB AT BUCKING- HAM PALACE.

"TOM THUMB exhibited in the evening at Buckingham Palace as NAPOLEON, HER MAJESTY liking a little nap after dinner." So said Mr. Punch in his "Bubbles of the Year"



(1844), under date April 2, of his Almanack for the year 1845. The young QUEEN is taking her little NAP—by the hand; the PRINCE CONSORT, the Duke of WELLINGTON, Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord BROUGHAM, and Sir JAMES GRAHAM looking admiringly on.

[MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC DREAM.

MR. PUNCH was certainly seated in a private box, so he must have been in a theatre. But what the play was about, and where it was performed, are different matters. Mr. Punch refuses to pledge himself. All he knows is that he had many visitors. He recognised most of them, and they all knew him.

"This place is more comfortable than the old house of '37," said Mr. MAC-READY. "In the early days of HER MAJESTY's reign stalls were unknown."

"Yes, and the patent theatres had a monopoly of the legitimate," observed Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES. "In our time a play had to be turned into a burletta and garnished with music before it could be produced elsewhere."

"At the Haymarket, just sixty years ago," continued Mr. MAC-READY, "I was playing in a version of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's *Maid's Tra-*



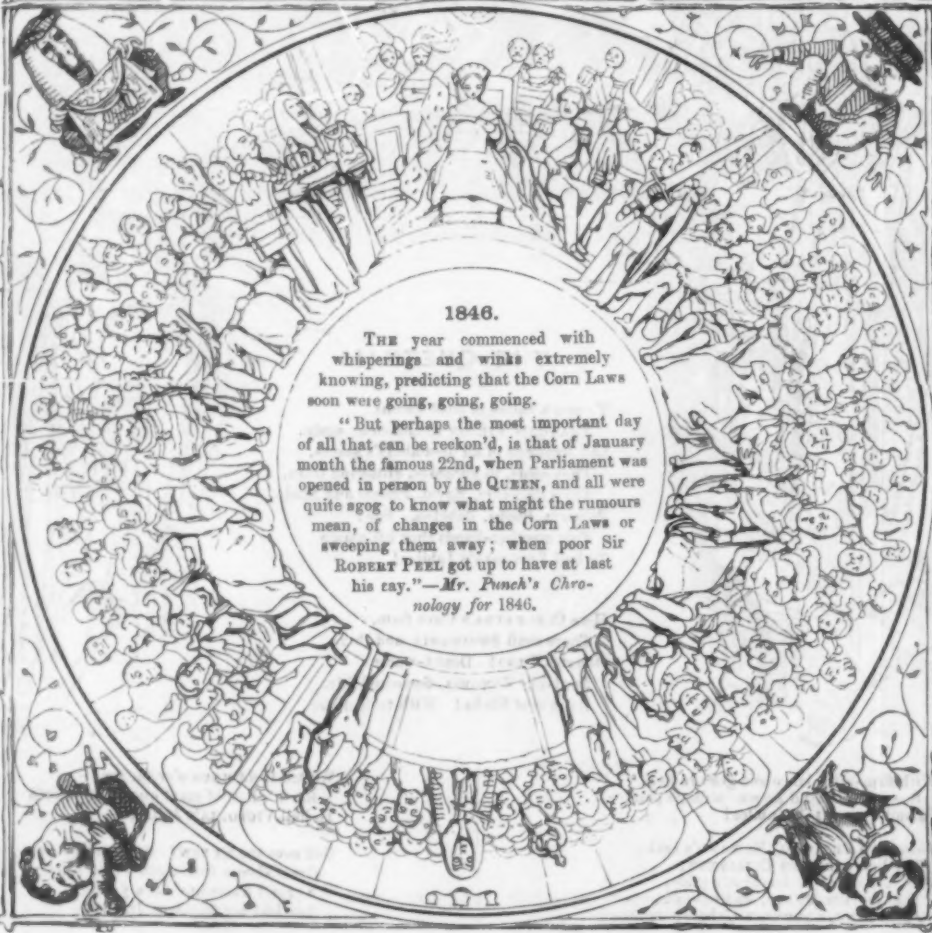
gedy, called by our friend here, *The Bridal*. I of course took the principal character myself."

"I was singing at His Majesty's Theatre at the same date, and they called me Miss GRISI," said a famous cantatrice, "and I had for my colleagues PASTA and LABLACHE."

"Who was at the Strand?" asked Mr. Punch. "I fancy they were playing a piece by MONCRIEFF, called *Sam Weller*; or, *the Pickwickians*. Who was in it?"

"I quite forget," said Mrs. STIRLING. "But at the date of our dear QUEEN's accession there were at least two of your own merry men writing for the stage, DOUGLAS JERROLD, of *Black-eyed Susan* fame, and King In-cog, *Revolt of the Workhouse*, GILBERT ABBOTT ABECKETT."

"Before my time," cried Mr. Punch. "I did not take up my permanent abode in London until 1841, and you are talking of 1837."





MADAME LA' MODE REVIEWS A FEW OF HER VACARIES DURING THE LAST SIXTY YEARS.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND MR. PUNCH.

THE Victorian Era and the Punchian Period have been, as was fitting, almost exactly contemporaneous. HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY had—as was also fitting, *place aux dames!*—a little start. VICTORIA acceded to her throne, upon the death of WILLIAM THE FOURTH, on June 20, 1837, and was proclaimed on the 21st. Punch came into his kingdom just four years later in 1841, and was proclaimed, *urbi et orbi*, by Preface, his own favoured and especial form of proclamation and edict, on July 17th of that year.

Punch, however, though owning no man master, was ever a loyal subject to his Sovereign Lady, whom, in his third number, he referred to as

"HIS
ROYAL
MISTRESS,

"ever solicitous to enchain the hearts of her devoted subjects by an impartial use of her prerogative."

With a foresight truly remarkable, he, in his sixth number, when the young QUEEN, only just of age, had occupied



the throne of the world-wide British Empire for four years only, referred to her in his "Royal Rhythmical Alphabet" in this prophetic line:—

"V is for VICTORIA, 'the Bess of Forty-one.'"

Now, fifty-six years later, everybody is drawing comparisons between VICTORIA and that earlier great English

queen, ELIZABETH, whom she has rivalled in glory, and surpassed both in all womanly excellence and in length of reign. Let it be remembered that Punch prophetically and publicly made that comparison as early as August 21, in the year of grace 1841.

Punch, who thought slightly to modify the familiar aspiration of HER MAJESTY'S earliest Poet Laureate,

"— could wish his days to be Bound each to each by national loyalty,"—

is now celebrating, in his Hundred and Twelfth Volume, the Diamond Jubilee of the same royal lady whom he soberly honoured in his First.



SOME JUBILEE STATISTICS.

(By a Mathematician very Much Abroad.)

It has been estimated that the seats to view the Procession, if placed side by side, would reach from St. Paul's to Liverpool; but that is not all, for calculating from the returns to hand which are based on the 1887 figures, it appears that

7,126,459 corns will be trodden on 257,166,002 times between the hours of 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. on June 22. Their respective owners will utter 949,422,785,124 imprecations, which, if carefully recorded in 623,655 phonographs, instead of being wasted on the wrong persons, would be enough to supply the whole population of London and their heirs at the rate of 188,472.142857 per head until the arrival of MACAULAY'S New Zealander in 3258 A.D.

"Now we sha'n't be long!" will be remarked by 6,238,651 persons, 6,237,520 of whom ought to be confined in 58,109 lunatic asylums, the remaining 1,131 having escaped for the day.

2,642 Derby dogs will get in the way of the cortège, giving vent to 38,122 howls, and receiving 400,000 kicks.

2,489,000 views will be obscured by 248,906 matinée hats.

94,361 infants will be lost or mislaid by 94,180 mothers—the difference in these totals being accounted for by the fact that 358 will be twins.

32,604 persons of the male sex will not come home that night, having lost, so 14,392 will say, 178,299 trains; the remainder will appear in 218 police-courts the next morning.

Of the 289,175 seat-holders 52.3 per cent. will view only the top half of the Royal Bonnet, 17.06 per cent. will be busy with lunch at the critical moment, 8.5 per cent. will have fainted from fatigue or excitement, and 7.17 per cent. will not get there at all.

A Peep into the Crystal Palace.

HANDEL is the composer in possession. The motto of the day is "*Manns conscia recti*." It will be a great week for the Palace, which will always be a genuine delight for all visiting London on "this occasion only," and who would omit from their agenda almost anything rather than a visit to the Crystal Palace, especially during a "Handel Festival." The C. P., with a HANDEL to its name, is an irresistible attraction. Mr. P. wishes the C. P. a big success with the B. P.



1837.



1897.



THE JOURNALIST—THEN.
THE FLEET PRISON.



THE JOURNALIST—NOW.
FLEET STREET.



DESIGN FOR A PARLIAMENTARY CAR FOR THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION.
A COMBINED ASSEMBLY OF DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES DURING HER MAJESTY'S REIGN.

J. B. Ford



A MEET. 1837.



A MEET. 1897.



AT THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

First Doubtful Character. "MY EYE, MATE, THIS IS A SQUASH!"

Second D. C. "SQUASH! WHY, S'ELF ME, IF I AIN'T 'AD MY 'AND IN THIS COVE'S POCKET FOR THE LAST TWENTY MINITS, AN' CAN'T GET IT OUT!"

EXTREMES MEET;

OR, SOME VICTORIAN CONTRASTS.

I.

SCENE—A Club Smoking-room. (ARTIST—Mr. Punch.) CHARACTERS—AUGUSTUS FITZFADDELL, a "heavy swell," *tempore* LEECH, with eyeglass, whiskers, top, and drawl of period. BOBBIE BLOUNT, a gilded youth of the present day.

Augustus. Haw—twy one of these wegaliaws?

[*Tendering a weed of about the size of a rocket.*]

Bobbie (*finching at the mere sight of it*). My dear old chap, afraid I mustn't, really. Never smoke anything but an occasional cigarette, don't you know.

[*Produces a small gun-metal case with cipher in brilliants, and lights a slim, gold-tipped cigarette.*]

Augustus. Wathaw pwetty, those little paper things—look tho doothid innothent.

Bobbie (*looking at his wrist*). Hullo, confound it all! I've lost my bangle—nuisance!

Augustus. I can feel for you, my deaw fellow; only the othaw day I lost the little gwidiron off my *chatelaine*, and I've been a positive weck evaw since—haw.

Bobbie (*to himself*). Beastly effeminate ass, this. (*Aloud.*) Ah, we all have our sorrows, what.

Augustus. I vewy nearly cwied, I assure you. And this morning I made the howwid discovey that a wuby had dwopped out of one of the eyes of my death's-head scarf-pin!

Bobbie. Hard luck!

Augustus. It was thuch a weally stunning pin. I don't feel properly dweessed without it.

Bobbie. Oh, I wouldn't worry about *that*. No one can accuse you of not being "dressed."

Augustus. Think not? I—aw—flattaw myself these twousaws are wathaw neat. Got the ideaw from the zebwa at the Zoo.

Bobbie. Rippin'—that is, well, I mean to say—they look all right—on you.

Augustus. Don't you find it a howwid baw not being able to gwow any whiskaws?

Bobbie. Oh, I don't know; most of the fellows I know are rather by way of clean-shavin'—if you know what I mean.

Augustus (*shuddering*). Weally? If I sacvificed my whiskaws,

I should look tho extremely widiculous. They're the pwide of my existence. Without whiskaws, life would be an—aw—dweawy blank.

Bobbie. Oh, you could keep a poodle or somethin', what?

Augustus. A westless quadwuped who would expect me to thwow sticks into the wataw and muddy my side-spwng boots! Haw, no thanks. I feel faint at the mere ideaw. Take my arm and let us—aw—stwow down Piccadilly.

Bobbie (*to himself*). Stroll down Piccadilly arm-in-arm with a Johnny like an old-fashioned music-hall pro! Catch me! (*Aloud.*) Er—delighted—that is, well, fact is, promised I'd bike down to Ranelagh with some people. Time I got into bicyclin' kit. Do you ride a bicycle, what?

Augustus. Me wide a howwid velocipede and wowl along in a fwantic huwwy! No, no; I think any want of wepose is shockingly vulgaw—aw.

Bobbie. My dear chap, nowadays the only really vulgar thing is refinement. By, by. (*To himself.*) Where on earth has that emptyheaded bounder sprung from?

Augustus (*to himself*). Wegulah snob! Aw, I wondaw what's become of all the weal swells.

THE DIVERSIONS OF JUBILEE DAY.

LONDONERS cannot be accused of taking their pleasure sadly, or, if they do, it is their own fault, and not that of the officials, who are so considerably providing for their entertainment.

"Vehicular traffic" is to be "diverted" in all sorts of ways: apparently it will be in constant fits of laughter.

"Light vehicular traffic" is also to be "diverted" with probably some less boisterous form of amusement. For "Traffic going Eastward," other "diversions" are arranged.

And, what is more, anybody employing vehicular traffic, and, in spite of all police blandishments, obstinately refusing to be "diverted," will find himself in Chokee, or in Queer Street, where he will be left to himself to reflect on the inconvenient results of any individual not falling in with the official sense of humour.

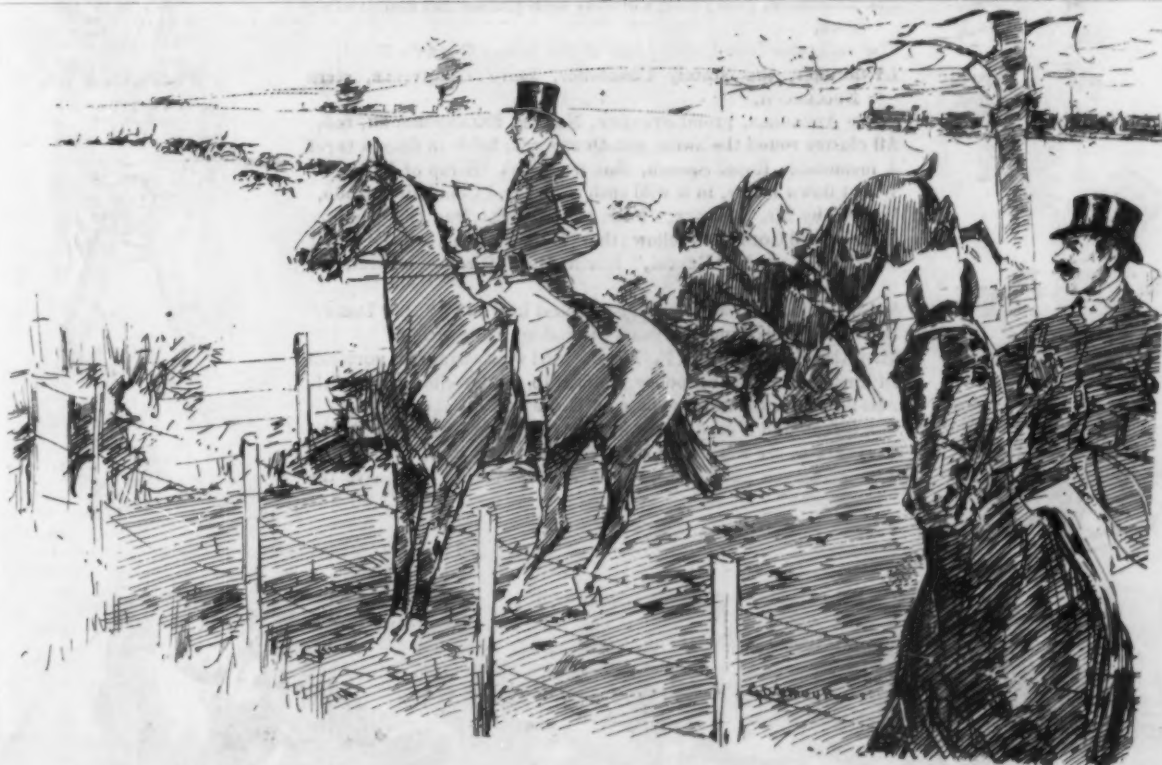
"Diversions" everywhere, and, probably, most theatres closed.

WEEDS THAT DIMINISH APACE AT A SMOKING CONCERT.—Cigars.



PAST AND PRESENT. A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1837.

"GLORIOUS RUN TO-DAY! DREW TOD'S GORSE—A SURE WIND. TOOK A SPLENDID LINE. BIG JUMPING, MOSTLY TIMBER."



PAST AND PRESENT. A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1897.

"WRETCHED SPORT! NO FOXES IN THE COUNTRY! FOUND LATE IN THE AFTERNOON AT TOD'S GORSE, BUT COULD NOT RIDE A YARD FOR WIRE. SEVERAL HOUNDS KILLED ON THE RAILWAY."



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

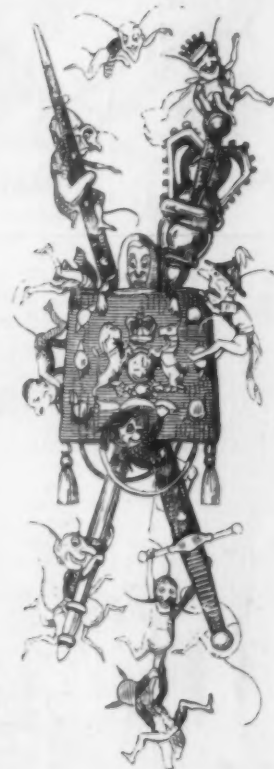
FEBRUARY 4, 1845.

THE opening of Parliament, by our young QUEEN in person! A theme which *Punch's* loyal Muse failed not to turn a verse on! The fair young QUEEN of February, Eighteen-forty-five, In Eighteen-ninety-seven, Heaven be thanked! is yet alive; Though half a century hath fled, and forms have passed away Of many great ones who beheld that Royal Opening Day, The handsome, glad young CONSORT with plumed hat and princely port,

The venerable Iron Duke, pride of the young QUEEN's Court, LYNDHURST, the stately Chancellor, suave GRANVILLE, stern BUCCLEUCH,

Grave ABERDEEN, proud STANLEY, NAPIER, ELLENBOROUGH, too, All cluster round the sweet girl QUEEN who holds in fingers taper A memorable Royal Speech, that wondrous "Scrap of Paper," Whilst down below, in a wild rush the "loyal Commons" troop, Headed by Mr. SPEAKER. PEEL and RUSSELL lead the group. GRAHAM and GOULBURN follow; there is BROUGHAM's colossal beak; O'CONNELL, with "Repeal," intent Ould Oireland's wrath to wreak

Upon the haughty Saxon, whilst behind him swift "BEN DIZZY," Intent on "smashing everyone," is making very busy. Then that "Cheap Bread Petition!" Ah! what changes it portends Of PEEL's fast coming policy doomed to sunder closest friends! Alas! Or friends or foes these hosts are now all passed away, The QUEEN and *Punch* alone survive to greet this Jubilee Day; VICTORIA to see a sight no Sovereign yet hath seen, And *Punch* to ponder memories, and to shout "God save the QUEEN!"





THALIA AND MELPOMENE, ASSISTED BY MR. PUNCH, HOLD A RECEPTION OF NOTABLE HISTRIONS OF THE PAST SIXTY YEARS.

THE VICTORIAN SHIELD.



Then first he formed th' immense and solid shield,
 Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
 On whose broad disc the artificer made plain
 The wondrous triumphs of VICTORIA's reign.
 Thereon, in symbolism fair, appears
 Science's victor course through Sixty Years.

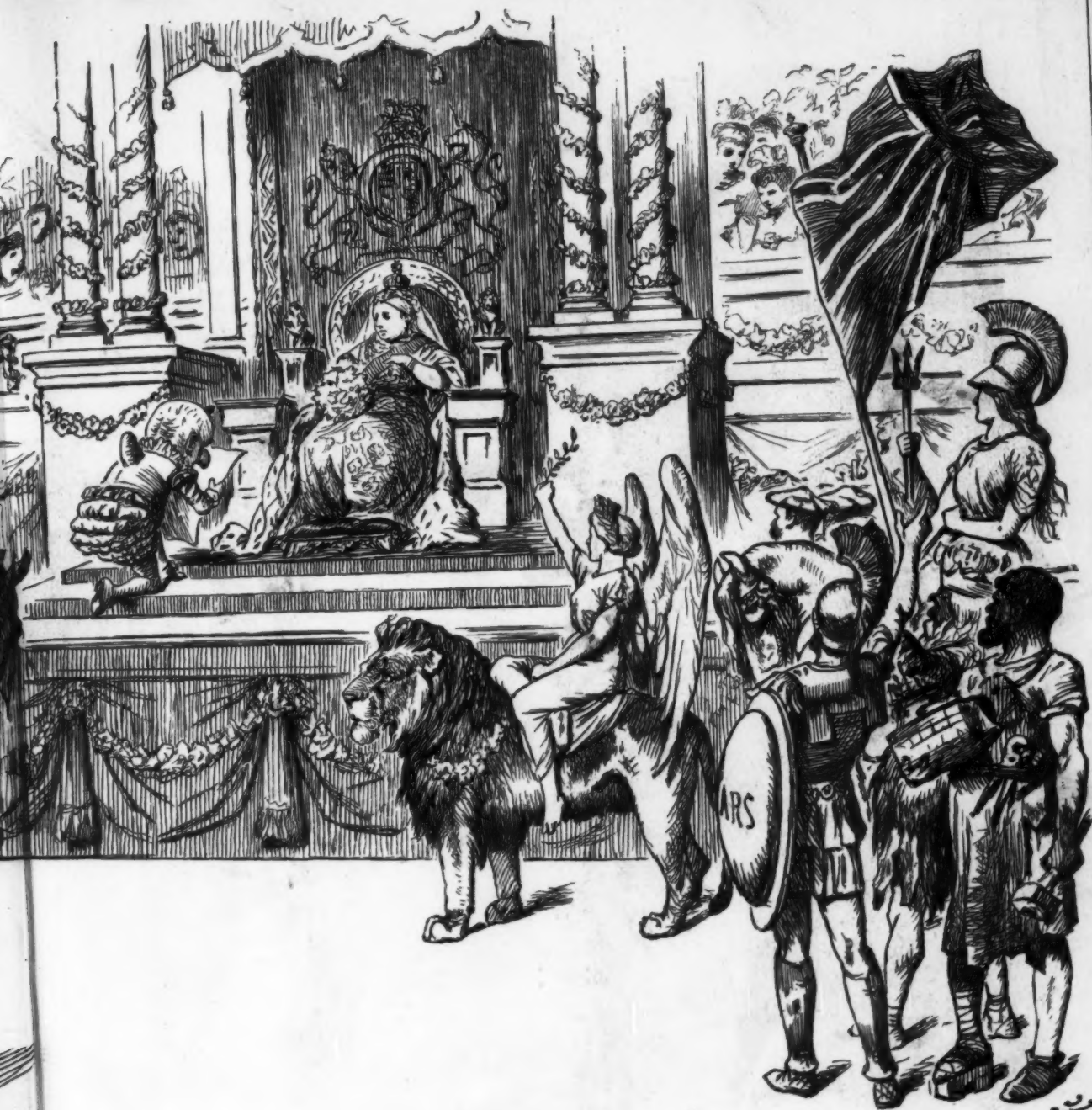
Thereon, too, pictured clear in every part,
 The gentler conquests of her sister, Art!
 The images of Peace, and types of War;
 Engine and cycle, ship and motor-car,
 Great gun's and swift torpedo's Titan might,
 Triumphs of Health, sweet ministries of Light:

Wonders of speed and miracles of sound,
 With Beauty's benedictions, grace that round
 Of marvels, showing plain how Power and Wealth,
 Culture and Cultivation, Taste and Health,
 Growths of her Sixty Years, their honours yield
 To deck the disc of the VICTORIAN; ENHANCE!





“FOR QUEEN AND



AND EMPIRE!!”



See sketch of the same place in the next page.

THE END

"COMPASS'D BY THE INVIOLETE SEA."

(On the Diamond Jubilee Day.)



A QUEEN sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er the broad British sea;
War-ships in hundreds ranged below,
To grace our Diamond Jubilee.

Punch counted them, and cried, "Hooray!
This sight well crowns a glorious day!"
Britannia silent sat and gazed
On those grim warders of her isle,

Flags fluted, beacons brightly blazed!
Responsive then to Punch's smile,
"All's well," she cried, "old friend, whilst we
Are 'compass'd by the inviolate sea.'"



PAST AND PRESENT.

A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1837.

"HAD A GLORIOUS DAY'S SPORT! BAG NINE AND A HALF BRACE. DOGS WORKED BEAUTIFULLY! I BEGIN TO LIKE MY NEW PERCUSSION GUN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 21.—House in Committee of Supply; benches almost empty. CORPORAL HANBURY at gangway-end, and PRINCE ARTHUR seated nearly in the middle, are only occupants of Treasury Bench. After a while, soothed by monotonous voice of Chairman putting vote after vote, PRINCE ARTHUR's chin dropped on his breast. He seemed to sleep—no strange thing in circumstances. What puzzled me as I watched him (noting, by the way, the streaks of grey beginning to gleam in his dark hair), was the motion of his head and the expression on his face. Sometimes he turned his head to the right, bending down as if listening to one seated an inch or two lower than himself. His mobile face displayed the keenest interest. Occasionally his lips moved, as if in response to an observation. Anon, he turned quickly to the other side, and his head now uplifted from its bending attitude, seemed to listen with the same air of reverent attention.

The curious scene did not last many moments. Not the least weird part of it was the conviction borne in upon me that I had been watching a conversation carried on for at least an hour. PRINCE ARTHUR

assured me later he had certainly been talking to LORD JOHN RUSSELL and PAM for over an hour. Yet I am prepared to take oath that the whole thing, which I saw from first to last, did not occupy two minutes.

Whilst it was fresh in his mind, PRINCE ARTHUR told me all about it. He was sitting, as I have said, watching the votes piled up; last thing he remembers was the voice of Mr. LOWTHER saying, "The question I have to put is—"

"Do you think this is the Treasury Bench? It doesn't look like the same shop."

This last was not LOWTHER's voice, nor was it a continuation of the question he had been putting.

"Of course not," said another, sharper, and more cheery voice. "The place we sat in this night sixty years ago, on the eve of the accession of Her Gracious Majesty Queen VICTORIA, was a temporary building run up after the old Houses were burned down. It was used pending the building of the palatial structure opened in the Exhibition year."

"The year you were turned out, my dear JOHNNY; when DERRY came in, bringing DIZZY with him as Chancellor of the Exchequer."

PRINCE ARTHUR knew who they were at once. The little gentleman with the broad-

brimmed hat was LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Home Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons in LORD MELBOURNE's Ministry, the one which paid earliest homage to Queen VICTORIA. The other (who, PRINCE ARTHUR was surprised to see, didn't carry a straw in his mouth) was LORD PALMERSTON, Foreign Secretary in the same Government. They seated themselves one on each side of PRINCE ARTHUR, LORD JOHN to the right, PAM to the left.

"Didn't you feel creepy?" I asked him. "Not a bit," he said. "Seemed most natural thing in the world. 'Good evening, my lords,' I said. 'Very pleased to see you in the old place. Glad, also, to find you so friendly. Old scores forgotten up there—or, I mean, wherever you may chance to foregather?'"

"Oh! yes," said PAM; "I long ago had tit-for-tat with JOHNNY RUSSELL, and we bear no malice. Thought we'd drop in on this interesting occasion. Hope we don't intrude. Were present, you know, at first Privy Council of the girl-QUEEN; heard her first speech from the throne in another place; interesting to stroll round and look in on the old shop sixty years after. Place looks different from this night sixty years ago. I don't mean chamber itself, that of course; but in style of Members and fashion of dress. You've more young men than we had. If you turn up the list of the House of 1837, you'll see we were mostly middle-aged gentlemen of substance."

"Yes," said JOHNNY; "and what strikes me particularly is the way you fellows sport the moustache. In our time, only army men, and not all regiments, wore the moustache. If I remember right, some years after the QUEEN came to the throne, only two regiments wore the moustache, the Huzzars and the Blues."

"Quite so," said PAM. "Your memory, always wonderful, has not shrivelled up under normal circumstances of extreme heat. Ahem! I mean you are still as smart as when you fomented that row about my saying a friendly word to the Prince President after the *coup d'état*."

PRINCE ARTHUR thought he detected a sneering tone in this remark. LORD JOHN took no notice.

"I am much obliged to you," he said, with courteous inclination of his head. "I certainly remember a scene in the House just fifty years ago. There was there a member of O'CONNELL's party, one ALDERMAN REYNOLDS. He represented the city of Dublin. An Orange Member who wore a heavy pair of moustachios, having made a violent attack on the Repealers, ALDERMAN REYNOLDS rose to reply. In course of his speech he constantly alluded to the Orangeman as 'the hon. and gallant Member.' 'I am not in the army,' interrupted the Orangeman. 'The hon. Member says he is not in the army,' responded the alderman, 'but I think if he has quitted the trade he ought to take down the sign-board,' and here the alderman swept from his upper lip an imaginary moustache."

"Ha! ha!" laughed PAM, in his cheery way. "I suppose my PRINCE knows no personal remarks of that kind in his multi-reformed Parliaments; no shaking of fists across the table, no Members suspended for disorderly conduct, no free fights on the floor of the House, eh?"

A blush mantled ARTHUR's ingenuous face. This must have been the moment when I observed him hanging his head.

"Tut, tut!" said LORD JOHN. "Human nature's the same at all epochs. House of

Commons, the most perfect microcosm of human nature, varies little through the ages. Nor does the tendency to laud earlier times as compared with the present. I suppose, now, you've lots of superior old gentlemen who protest that your House of Commons to-day is a ragged assembly compared with what it was sixty or seventy years ago? I can imagine one of these writing, 'The new Parliament consists of more editors of papers, shopkeepers, obscure barristers, and attorneys than any former Parliament. Holland and Portugal might disappear from the world without exciting the feelings or care of a single shopkeeper or attorney amongst us.'

"I heard something at the Carlton the other day very like that," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "Only there was nothing said about Holland and Portugal. It was the Cape and Constantinople that troubled the patriotic mind. Cropping up in our foreign politics of to-day there is about mention of Holland and Portugal a smell as of faded apples."

"Precisely. You've just hit it. The passage I quoted is from a letter by SCARLETT, afterwards LORD ABERGEE. I remember it as if it were yesterday, though it was dated February 11, 1832. At that time, Holland and Portugal were troubling the waters of foreign politics. But there's always something for what believe you call the Jingo to get in a fluster about. There's nothing new under the sun, certainly not the Jingo. PAM was the prime Jingo of the century; weren't you, dear boy?"

"Yes; and a nice time I had with you and Prince A—r," murmured PAM, a look of melancholy momentarily clouding the place where his brow used to be. "After all, many things are new in this place," he added, after an awkward pause. "Your closure, your twelve o'clock rule, your long contributions to debate by inconsiderable Members, your tea on the Terrace, your private rooms for Ministers, your objection to adjourn over the Derby, your electric lights, your signal from the Clock Tower, your national expenditure of over a hundred millions, and, more marvellous still, your income in excess of that fabulous sum. All these are new since the June afternoon when JOHNNY and I sat on the bench corresponding with his in the temporary House of Commons, knowing that in the early morning WILLIAM THE FOURTH had passed away, and that we were now the Ministers of a Queen."

"There are," PRINCE ARTHUR observed, "some other novelties in the situation as compared with the epoch you recall. How would you like—"

PRINCE ARTHUR turned to put a question to Lord JOHN, and found the space he had occupied empty. There was nothing between him and the portly figure of CORPORAL HANBURY. Turning his head quickly, he found that PAM also had vanished, leaving not a straw behind. He rubbed his eyes. There was Mr. LOWTHER in the Chair, at the moment remarking, "The question is that a sum not exceeding £320,000 be granted to HER MAJESTY to meet the charges arising out of—"

"Why," cried PRINCE ARTHUR, looking round, decidedly dazed, "he was saying that when THEY came in!"

Business done.—Strangers in the House.

A DRUCE OF A PLAYER.—The captain of the Cambridge University Cricket Club.



PAST AND PRESENT.

A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY OF 1897.

"SPORT FAIR TO-DAY. BAG THREE HUNDRED BRACE. MY NEW PAIR OF HAMMERLESS EJECTORS SHOT WELL. SHOULD HAVE DONE BETTER IF I HAD HAD A THIRD GUN."

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC DREAM.

(Continued.)

"I was coming to the front in 1837," said JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE. "I wrote and played for a quarter of a century."

"You did," acquiesced BENJAMIN WEBSTER. "I was lessee of the Haymarket in the forties, and you took my lease of the little house afterwards. Don't you remember, Mr. Punch, that I offered a prize for the best comedy, and one of your staff gave a series of scenes from the rejected competing compositions?"

"To be sure. And the collection included TALFOURD, BULWER LYTTON, and FITZBALL."

"The last was my rival with the books of the operas," put in Mr. BUNN. "You used to chaff me, Sir, but so you did everybody, inclusive of that poor little foreigner chap, Monsieur JULLIEN."

"He was a foreigner," put in BALFE, "but he could appreciate native talent, such as that possessed by Miss ROMER, who was playing in my *Catherine Grey*, not to speak of my contemporaries of later days, LOUISA PYNE and WILLIAM HARRISON."

"You were rather hard upon me, Mr. Punch," said CHARLES KEAN, "but I bear no malice. I did my best, although I gave you the impression that all the characters I created suffered from a cold in the head."

"My good CHARLES, I am delighted to see you," cried the Sage, cordially. "And you, too, CHARLES the younger, son of the elder MATHEWS. KEAN, you regenerated the poetical drama, and CHARLEY, you taught us light comedy."

"I was in that line myself," observed LEIGH MURRAY. "Do you remember *The Camp at Chobham*, with KNELEY?"

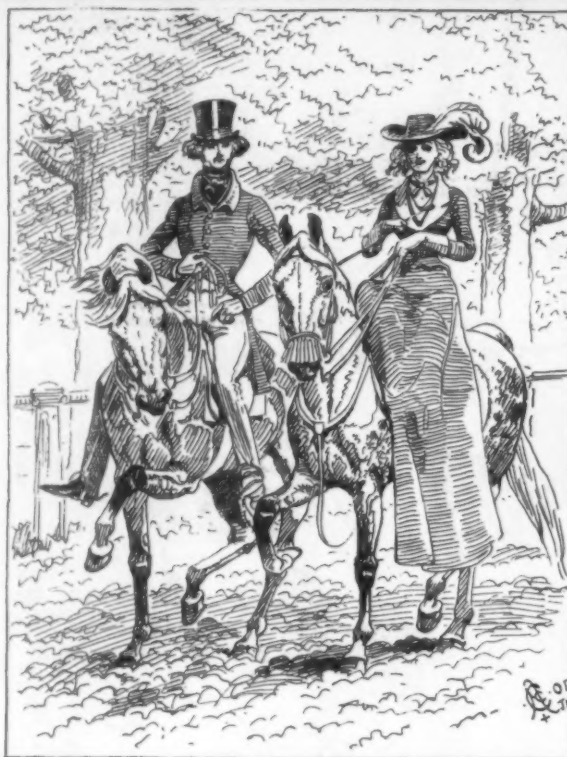
"Ah, now we have taken a jump into the Crimean days, when Miss WOOLGAR and Madame CÉLESTE were at the Adelphi."

"I believe you, my boy," drawled PAUL BEDFORD. "I played up to WRIGHT."

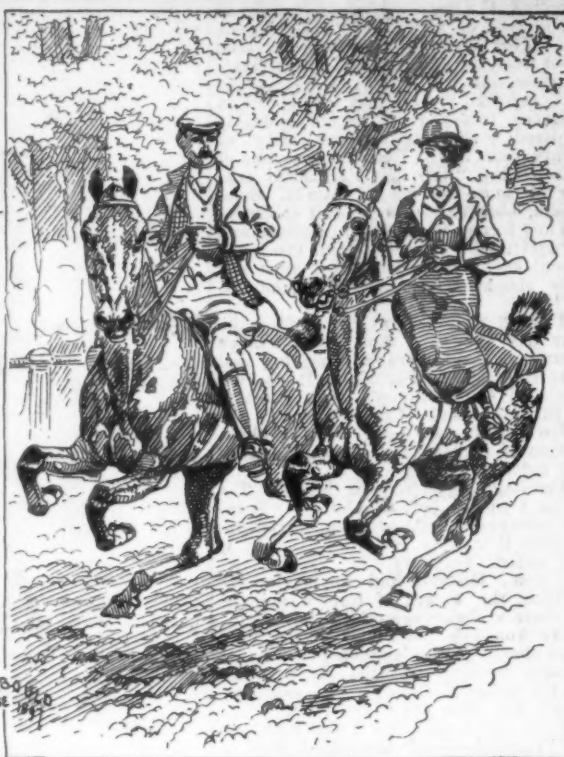
"And JOHN LAURENCE TOOLE," said Mr. Punch, "who is still happily amongst us."

"HEARTS" THAT ARE OFTEN BOUGHED DOWN.—The cherries of Kent.

HOT COPPERS.—Perspiring policemen on Jubilee Day.



ELEGANCE—1837.



ROTTEN ROW.

EASE—1897.

EXTREMES MEET; OR, SOME VICTORIAN CONTRASTS.

II.

SCENE—A London Street (designed, arranged, and executed by Mr. Punch). CHARACTERS—Street-boy, early Victorian: battered tall hat, comforter, short jacket, and shorter white duck trousers; Street-boy, late Victorian.

Early Victorian Boy. Vell, but I say, vill it come along this 'ere werry road?

Late V. B. Yuss! yn't I a tellin' of yer? Turk abart a bloomin' mug, you take the kike, strite yer do!

Early V. B. But vot'll it be like ven it does come along?

Late V. B. What'll it be loike? Whoy, loike a Jubilee, o' course, yer fat 'ed!

Early V. B. But vot is a Jubilee—sort of Jack-in-the-Green?

Late B. V. A Jeck-in-the-Green! Na-ow! There'll be a bloomin' percession, wiv the QUEEN in 'er kerridge, and all the ryal blokes on 'orses, an' sojers, and sich.

Early V. B. Crikey! And vill the QUEEN be a vearin' or 'oldin' of it?

Late V. B. Wearin' o' what? D'yer mean a topper, sime as what you've got on your crumpe?

Early V. B. I never said nothink about no topper, nor yet crumpets. I mean this 'ere Jubilee Dimond.

Late V. B. Oo're yer gittin' at? There yn't no Jubilee doimond, it's a Doimond Jubilee.

Early V. B. Vell, it's made o' dimonds, ain't it?

Late V. B. Na-ow! It yn't mide outer nuffink.

Early V. B. Then vot do cooves go and call it a Dimond Jubilee for? Come, now!

Late V. B. What do they?—Whoy, it's pline enough, yn't it? They call it a Doimond Jubilee becos— Well, there, you wanten know too much, you do, with yer "vells," and yer "vots," and yer "vys," loike a bloomin' 'Oundsitch sheeny! I cawn't mike out whart yer syin' of arf the toime. Whoy cawn't yer pernounce sime as what others do?

Early V. B. It ain't my fault if I haven't had your heddication, is it?

Late V. B. Well, there's suthink in that. Them Board School blokes yn't arf as sharp in some plices as what they are in others. I've 'ad to gow regier, I 'ave.

A SONG IMPERIAL. 1897.

STAND up England, land of toil and duty,
In your smoking cities, in your hamlets green;
Stand up England, land of love and beauty,
Stand up, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

Stand up Scotland, up Wales and Ireland,
Loyal to her royalty, crowd upon the scene;
Stand up, all of us, we who are the sire-land,
Stand up, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

Stand up ye Colonies, the joy-cry reaches you,
Near lands, far lands, lands that lie between;
Where the sun bronzes you, where the frost bleaches you,
Stand up, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

Stand up all! Yes, princes, nobles, peoples,
All the mighty Empire—mightier ne'er hath been;
Boom from all your decks and towers, clang from all your steeples
God save VICTORIA, God save the QUEEN!

Why not? Has she not ever loved and served us,
Royal to us, loyal to us, gracious ever been?
Ne'er in peace betrayed us, ne'er in war unnerv'd us;
Up, then, shout out, God save the QUEEN!

But now our sun descends, from the zenith westward,
Westward and downward, of all mortals seen;
Yet may the long day lengthen, though the fall be rest-ward,
May we long together cry, God save the QUEEN!

When in the coming time, 'neath the dim ocean line,
Our dear sun shall sink in the wave serene,
Tears will fill these eyes of mine, tears will fill those eyes of thine,
Lowly kneeling, all will pray, God save the QUEEN!

"He is not exactly an infidel, nor a deist," observed a Mrs. Malaprop of our time; "they tell me he is an Acrostic."



The Harp.
1837.



The Banjo.
1897.



1854.

EXTREMES MEET;

OR, SOME VICTORIAN CONTRASTS.

III.

SCENE—*The Sea-shore (from sketches made by Mr. Punch).* CHARACTERS—Miss FLORA, *tempore* LEECH: mushroom hat, hair in a net, zouave jacket, and crinoline; Miss BLOOMER, *same period*: Spanish hat, jacket, white waistcoat, short skirt and frilled pantalettes; Miss LATCHKEY, *present date*: divided skirts, straw hat, tweed coat, man's shirt, collar and tie.

Miss Flora. I know you'll say I'm a silly little thing, but I don't want the men to think me a fright.

Miss Bloomer. All sensible men, my dear, consider the Bloomer costume most becoming. It's only that stupid old Punch that tries to hold it up to ridicule.

Miss Latchkey. Why should you care what men think of you? Surely, surely a woman has some higher object than to make herself the pet and plaything of those selfish tyrants. She has her work to do in the world.

Miss Flora. I do work hard, at my piano and harp, and I make bead mats and wax flowers, and oh, lots of things.

Miss Bloomer. And I have laboured incessantly to prove to these so-called "Lords of Creation" that their most distinctive articles of attire are even better adapted to the feminine figure than to their own.

Miss Latchkey. You neither of you understand! Don't you see that all your pretty accomplishments, all your eccentricities of costume are alike directed to the slavish end of making yourselves more attractive to the eye of man? I have got far beyond that. I ignore man's very existence—except as a comrade and rival, to be met and crushed in the struggle for existence. I assert the woman's right to live her own life in dignified independence.

Miss Flora. La, dear, and how do you manage it?

Miss Latchkey. Very easily. I share a tiny flat with another girl, and live on tinned lobster and marmalade and tea, which is better than vegetating in the stifling atmosphere of the domestic circle. Besides, I have the support of knowing that I am doing good and useful work.

Miss Bloomer. Might I inquire what work?

Miss Latchkey. Certainly. I am on the staff of "Chiffons," and do the fashionable weddings and parties, and describe the frocks and so on. Sometimes I get a minor celebrity to interview—a woman, of course. The pay isn't much, but anything is better than the degrading rôle of ministering to the vanity of the other sex!

Miss Bloomer. So far as I can understand, your present mission, my dear, is to minister to the vanity of your own sex, which is undoubtedly a far higher and nobler occupation.

Miss Flora. It must be very nice, and I'm sure it's quite as ladylike as doing wool-work. I shall try and coax dear Papa to let me take it up.

[Speechless disgust of Miss LATCHKEY.]

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC DREAM.

(Concluded.)

"Ah, what memories are conjured up when we speak of the Adelphi," said BEN WEBSTER. "There were the *Green Bushes* and the *Colleen Bawn*."

"Myself in that same," cried DION BOUTICAULT, with a taste of a brogue.

"And don't forget myself—in the *Peep o' Day*," murmured EDMUND FALCONER.

"It had a plot that no fella could understand," stammered LORD DUNDREARY SOTHERN.

"Glad to see you," said Mr. Punch. "Your David Garrick has a worthy representative at the Criterion."

"Pray don't forget the merry companies at the Strand, the Royalty, and the old Prince of Wales," said Mr. JOHN CLARK. "There were PATTIE OLIVER, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, ROGERS, JAMES, and a lady and gentleman who since have become as famous in comedy as burlesque."

"JOHNNIE HARE and Mrs. BANCROFT," acquiesced Mr. Punch, "are both still amongst us."

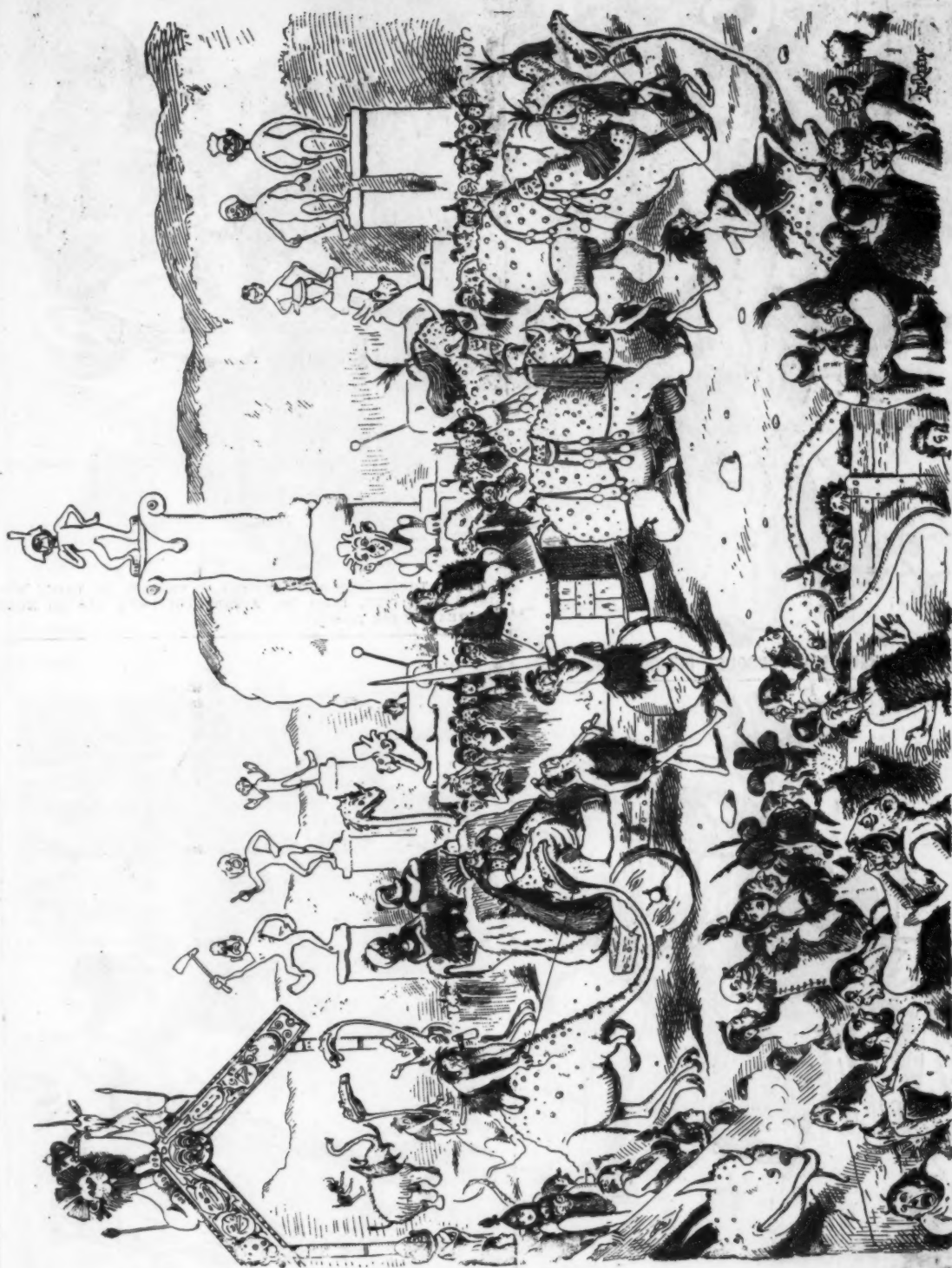
"Your merry men kept the drama on its legs for the greater part of the half-century," observed Mr. E. T. SMITH, who, like Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, had been both lessee of Drury Lane and proprietor of the *Sunday Times*.

"You are very good to say so," returned the Sage, politely. "And when I think of those of my staff already mentioned, and add to their names those of LEMON, SHIRLEY BROOKS, TOM TAYLOR, and BURNAND, I am inclined to believe you."

And then Mr. Punch turned to greet fresh arrivals. CHARLES FECHTER (claiming to be an Englishman), BANDMANN (refusing to be a German), JEFFERSON (admitting his American citizenship), TOM ROBERTSON, PHELPS, H. J. BYRON, ROBSON, EMERY, WIDDICOMB, CRESWICK, Mr. and Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS, Mr. and Mrs. ALFRED WIGAN, Mr. and Mrs. CHIPPENDALE, COMPTON, CLAYTON, and a score of others, recalling to his mind the hopes and fears, the triumphs and failures of half a century.

And as Mr. Punch rose to greet them he suddenly awoke, and attended to the performance on the stage for the remainder of the evening.

Messrs. Compiler RYLAND and Publisher ALLEN might have made a better use of their own idea than they have done in their small book, entitled, *Events of the Reign from '37 to '97*, which, in a general way, will be found an aid to memory. Herein is of course recorded the principal event of the century, to which it was impossible for our blushing "TOBY, M.P." to allude in his admirably-arranged volume recently published, entitled, *The Queen and Mr. Punch*, which has already achieved world-wide renown, yclept the issue of "The First Number of PUNCH, July 17," a day ever memorable in the glorious annals of our country.



A PREHISTORIC JUBILEE!

(Our Artist assures us that he has accurately represented the scene of loyalty and enthusiasm at a principal point of the route, so what can we do but take his word for it?)



CHARLES KEENESQUE GROQUET PERIOD. 1866.



"AYE, THERE 'AVE BEEN A SIGHT O' CHANGES IN THESE 'ERE SIXTY YEAR; BUT, BLESS 'EE, A PINT POT DON'T 'OLD NO MORE NOW THAN IT DID THEN!"



"JUST THINK OF IT, MY BOY. IN THOSE DAYS WE HAD NO ELECTRIC LIGHT, NO X RAYS NO CINEMATOGRAH, NO—"
"MUSSELING ORDER!"



EARLY DU MAURIERESQUE CRINOLINE PERIOD. 1860.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

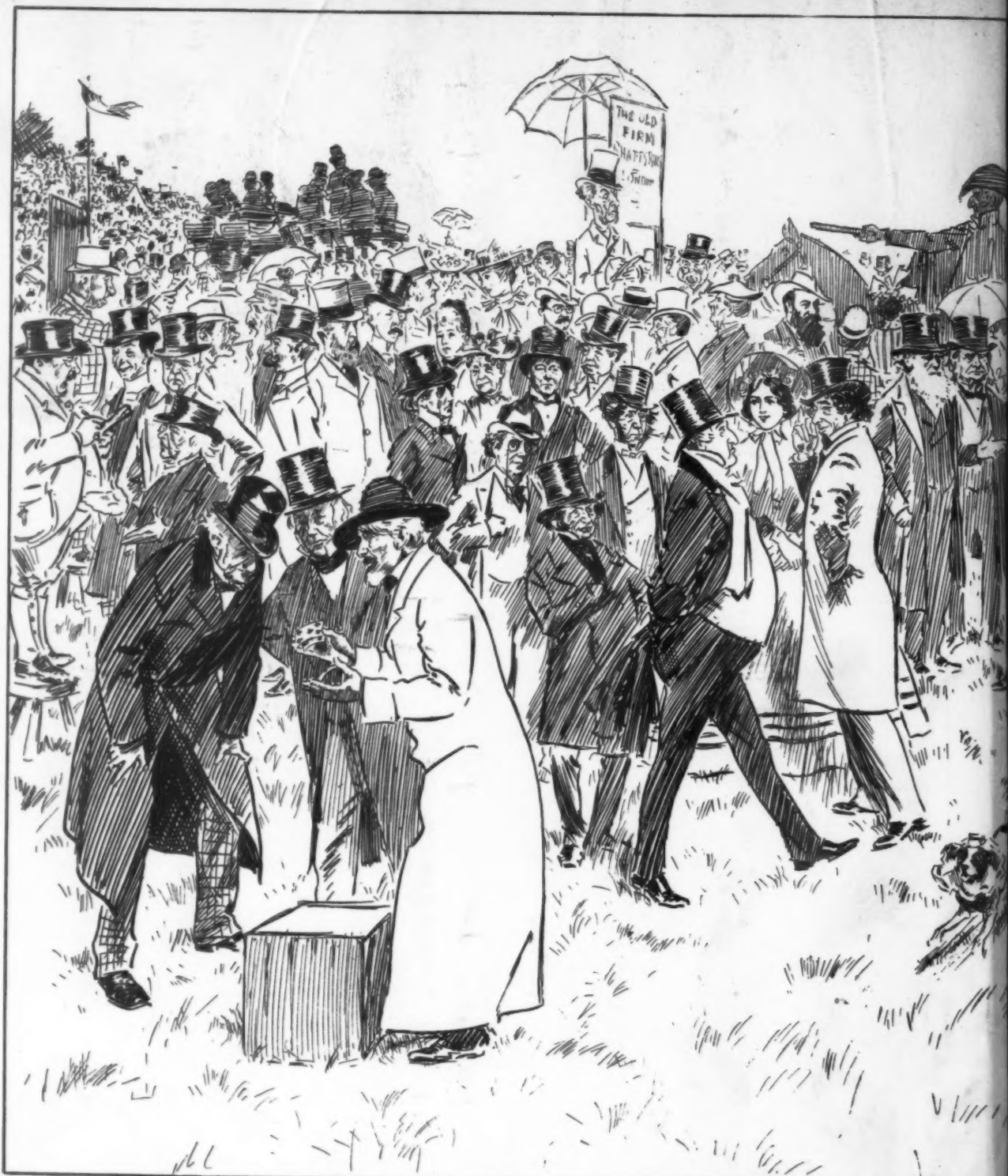
THIS PORTION OF THE PROCESSION WAS RECEIVED WITH UNBOUNDED DELIGHT AND SYMPATHETIC INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE ROUTE.

THE BANNER AND THE BEACON.



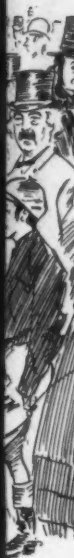
It was about the lovely close of a warm day in June,
Sweet bells, loud trumpets, all that day had played most joyous tune;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night as England ne'er had seen, nor e'er again shall see.

And now, to greet the Jubilee night of our glad sea-girt isle,
At earliest twilight beacon-piles lay waiting many a mile.
Far on the deep the sailor sees, along each shore and shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire!

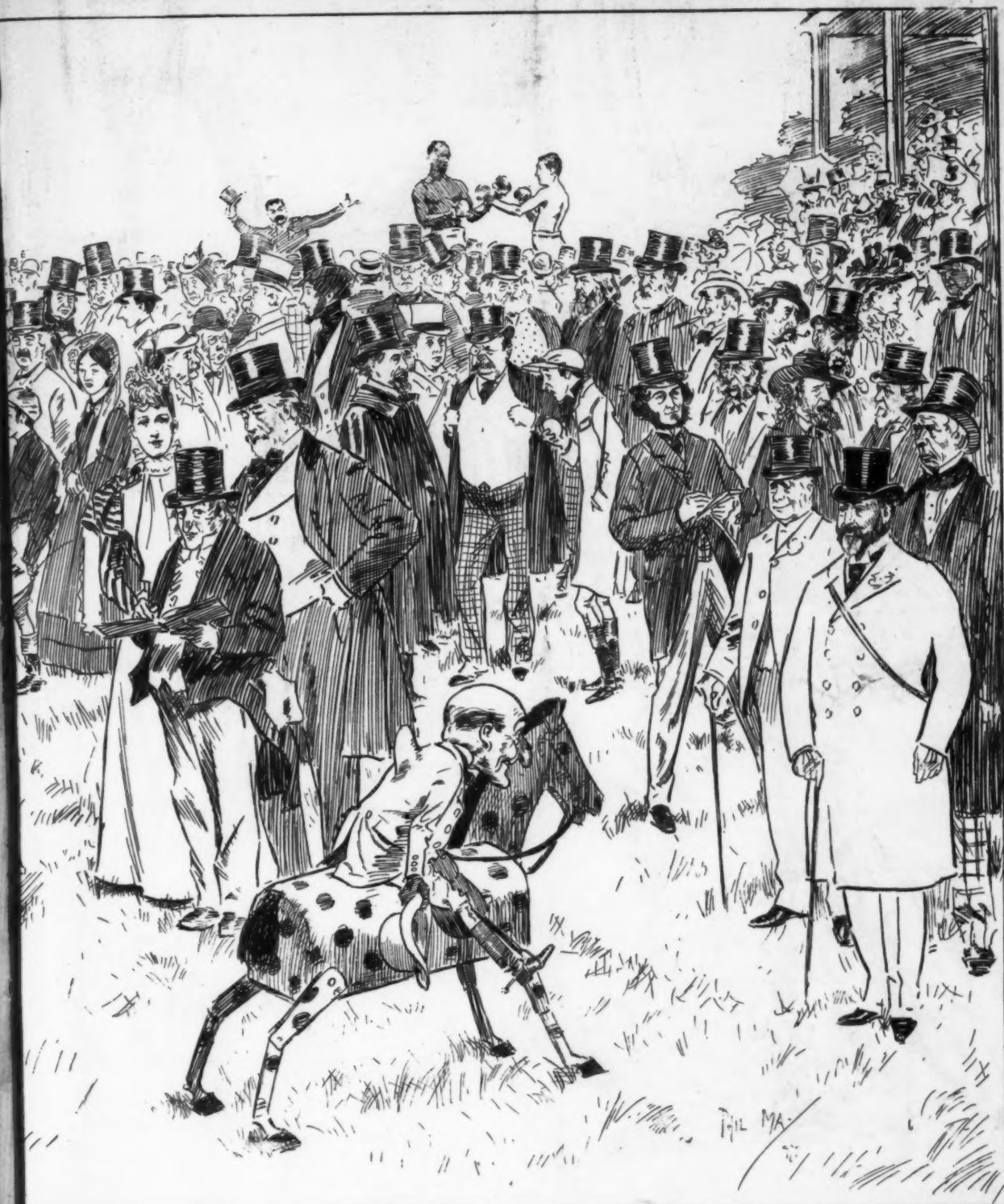


A DIAMOND JUBILEE DREAM

HARIV



OF V



OF VICTORIAN DERBY DAYS.

